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TWELVE PAGES

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

THE LINE OF 1896.

In a speech at Louisville, Mr. Bryan said:

"But I want to talk awhile to those who left us in 1896, because I want them to come back and help us in this fight."

On this the Richmond Times remarks:

"Mr. Bryan can easily win these Democrats back to the standard by simply planting that standard upon the line of battle where success was won in 1892."

Here is "the line of battle where success was won in 1892," as far as the money-question was concerned, as follows: "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage; but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts; and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin. '(Gold and silver coin.)' We insist upon this policy as especially necessary for the protection of the farmers and laboring classes, the first and most defenceless victims of unstable money and a fluctuating currency."

There is bimetallism, and a full monetary and coinage equality between gold and silver; provided that the dollar unit of both metals must be of equal value and power in the markets and payment of debts. There is no essential difference between that and the present position of the party (or of any party, so far as the value of silver is concerned); for 16 to 1 is the established legal parity of the two coins, and this parity the Democratic party will always maintain, when in power. Moreover, we defy the Republican party, or this administration, or its candidates, to propose any other ratio or parity than that of 16 to 1. They dare not do it. All the nations and people of the earth would protest, and the American people would howl to everlasting political perdition any party or administration that should attempt to alter this established parity or ratio of 16 to 1.

It will do to prate about the commercial value of silver as a commodity, because the act of 1873 made that metal a commodity, deprived it of the privilege of coinage, and then and thereby so contracted the currency as to reduce the commercial value of silver, as apart from its monetary value, with that of all commodities. This could not happen with gold, because it is not a commodity with a commercial value, separate and distinct from its legally fixed money-value, and for the simple and only reason—because gold has not been demonetized; and until gold metal is made a commodity by depriving it of its monetary privileges in coinage, and its fixed legal value as a money-metal, it can have no such commercial or commodity value. Yet, until the act of 1873, when the two metals were on an equality as coin and bullion, on the ratio of 16 to 1, silver metal itself, as compared with gold metal, was at an appreciable premium over the latter. That would be their present substantial status, notwithstanding any possible increase in the production of either metal, or both metals, as the experience of centuries has demonstrated..

ARE AMERICANS INCAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

"A man goes to a tailor for a suit of clothes, a shoemaker's for a pair of shoes, but shall we say that we must go to the financiers for finances? I say 'no.' They are interested too much to be just. It would be about as reasonable as employing a physician who is interested in your death. If you had a suit against a judge would you take your case before the judge for a decision?"—W. J. Bryan.

So said William J. Bryan at Louisville in discussing the issues before the people. Yet that is the system to which we are coming. The ruling interests and classes to make, construe and adjudge the law in all cases affecting themselves and to assume the facts to suit themselves. Are we not alredy largely under that system as regards coinage, money, currency, banking and finance? "Government by injunction," since it was challenged by the Democratic platform of 1896, has taken great strides, not only against all it opposes, but in behalf of itself and all it favors. To deny it is sheer nonsense, especially in all cases of popular right, power, liberty and privilege. Not only does the Federal judiciary make the law for itself, but to suit its interests, opinions and friendships; and in a recent case the Supreme Court of Virginia actually defied the Legislature and nullified our Constitution, Bill of Rights and Code, and under the pretence of "inherent right," 'claimed supremacy over the State and people! Yet in all cases affecting a judge, or court, the matter must go "before the judge for decision," under the judicial assumption that judges have no peer, much less a superior.!

We find the same theory installing itself in railroad and other corporations; while trusts are practically proclaiming that they are beyond all restraint and can and will do as they please, with no check or guide but their own exclusive interests. Competition they consign to extermination, and none but themselves have any rights worthy of respect; and their own monopoly is to be master of all business, all men and all capital that will not come into their conspiracy.

And so it goes; with ever increasing rapidity and insolence. Capital and its trusts are supreme. That is a fact. Law and right and the people are outlawed, and the only remaining question is: Will the people overthrow this usurpation in 1900, or will they submit to it? Are we not capable of self-government?

WHO CREATE TRUSTS AND MONOPOLIES?

The Baltimore Sun and the Washington Post, together with the leading organs of both parties, that urge that the trusts will not be, and cannot be, a practical issue between the parties next year, as it is already understood that both parties, in their platforms, will declare with equal ferocity against trusts and other combines to restrict trade, competition and personal liberty in business, seem to forget that the issue between rogues and honest men is none the less distinct and practical because the rogues shout "Stop thief!" just as vehemently as the honest men.

There are trusts composed of Democrats as well as of Republicans; but the Republicans are in supreme power. They maintain the tariff that is so nursing a mother of trusts, and they are the authors, beneficiaries and defenders of the great trust and monopoly that make all the other trusts and monopolies possible—the Money Trust, the gold monopoly, with its paper ally and substitute in the National Banking Association. Is the Baltimore Sun really a dupe of the Republican cry of "Stop thief!" Does it really believe that that cry will screen the culprit and put him on an equality with his pursuers, with the stolen goods still in the thief's pockets? No denunciation of trust and monopolies is to be credited that still exempts the trust of trusts and the monopoly of monopolies—the Money Trust.

It is of no moment what a party declares in its platform about monopolies and trusts when it is responsible for the money trust (the National Bank Association), the gold-monopoly (the mono-metallism of the so-called single-standard—money being that standard, that single standard, no matter of how many materials legally made and guaranteed), the currency monopoly (the National Bank notes), and the other trusts, monopolies and combines controlling everything and everbody by money and its power.

Yes! the Republican party is for an anti-trust law (?), but opposed to its enforcement.

Pennsylvania Democrats who insist upon cheap money and repudiation as the fundamental principle of Democratic faith must lack either common understanding or fidelity to Democratic interests.—Philadelphia Times.

The Times has its finest sensibilities shocked and its highest sentiments of honor and honesty outraged by the proposition to restore silver to its constitutional place, from which it was removed by fraud, as well as violence to the constitution. But you see that was all done in behalf of the class who disdain cheap money, and who are able to have and use dear money. To restore cheap money to the people is "repudiation," says the Times; but it was all right to take their cheap money from the people and substitute a money of a cost of sixteen times greater—in which, though so much harder to get, the people had to pay all their debts—their wages and prices, however, being in the descending scale to balance the increased value of gold in the hands of monied employers and purchasers.

Yes, yes; we see: labor and production cheapened, but money made dearer and scarcer and harder to get. That is piety, for the burden falls on the multitude, who do evil, and the benefits all go to the few who love—money!

Never before, since the formation of the Union, has any party or administration appeared before the people for endorsement, having so foul a record as this Hanna-Alger-McKinley gang has made up for itself. At home and abroad its course has been one reeking abomination, from beginning to end, marked by every feature that may define political debauchery and licentiousness, and in foreign and domestic affairs it has announced and begun a program of imperial and brutal force that should alarm every rational citizen. Can the people endorse it in 1900? Only force or fraud can do that.

Call him Drayfus, or Dryfus, or what you please, he's to infamy no longer devoted; save that, as victim of wrong's worst decrees, the honored name of Dreyfus will be quoted. E'en justice blushes, as she sees his wife, with brave and famous Zola at her side, in love and joy grasp victory from the strife, where justice faltered as love all defied. Truth crushed to earth, will rise again, be sure, though State and army, and the law, conspire; for God and right champion the obscure, and bring all things and men to light and right.

We see and hear a great deal of confident talk about the sure re-election of McKinley; but they who utter this talk ,as well as they who hear it, know full well that it is based on the hope of a repetition of the same bribery, corruption, forgery, perjury, bull-dozing, fraud and other villanies of 1896, whereby the people, as well as Bryan, were counted out.

This talk ought to be accompanied by the blush of shame on the cheek of every utterer; but it isn't,—all the more to his shame.

And now it is rumored that General Horace Porter wants to come home,and Secretary of War Alger may be sent over to Paris to take his place. France is not very far away, but if Alger cannot be persuaded to go any farther let's send him there by all means. Besides, he can give our sister republic some pointers on how to run a court of inquiry and make himself serviceable over there, now that Dreyfus is coming back to be re-investigated. If there is one thing that our Algy knows more about than another, it is investigations.

And now, rather than be left by his rival sensationalists in the pulpit, a Doctor of Divinity in Brooklyn attacks the Sunday-Schools as nurseries of religious ignorance and heresy. "The dark centuries of Sunday-School teaching" is one of his phrases. Perhaps the Doctor doesn't know that there is a secular code of Sunday laws, and has forgotten the commandment to keep the seventh day holy. "Six days shalt thou labor," &c.

Here is a chunk of wisdom in an unexpected quarter—the N. Y. Sun. In its issue of May 31 it says:

"Nowhere in the world, except here, does any sensible man contend for the liberty of establishing an unlimited number of banks and allowing them to inject their checks or drafts into the mass of the country's currency, so as to give them the value which attaches to government money."

When even the Sun dare say that much, may be the whole truth may yet have a chance.

Volume or quantity is often, in many things, of more importance than value; as in rain, in wheat and all the necessaries of life. As a rule, the less there is of anything in supply compared with demand, the greater the value, but the less happiness and prosperity. The annual average wheat-crop of the world, great or small, has about the same value; but a full crop is plenty, prosperity and happiness; a half-crop is want, misery, famine and adversity.

Because of the goings-on and carryings-on of our forefathers about the tea, the stamp-tax and other matters, the British government and people held them to be riotous and turbulent people, unworthy and incapable of self-government; but the essence of freedom and human right is that every people must judge of their government for themselves, whether it be self-government, or some other sort. That was the American doctrine until the advent of Hanna and his Republicanism.

The Dreyfus case is to be revised. Thank Justice for that; and we sincerely trust, for the honor of France and human nature, that outraged innocence may be vindicated, and the combined trusts of forgery, perjury and criminal conspiracy may be brought to full exposure and to some measure of their deserts.

The people, not their oppressers, are the judges of their own rights, and also of the manner in which they shall demand and assert them; and, therefore, the organs of Mammon had "better make hay while the sun shines" (for them), than waste their time in shouting "idle wind" at the people, as if they were driving hogs or cattle.

As some horses may be soon curried, so some subjects may be briefly disposed of; but there are horses and subjects that require more time and attention, and upon which these are very profitably bestowed. Even the man who does not ride, is often fond of horses, and likes to see them well groomed.

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DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON

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THE WORLD'S GREAT ARTISTS.

VIII.—TURNER.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, PH. D., F. A. I. A.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was a landscape painter, who was born in the heart of London in April, 1775, and who died at Chelsea, on the western border of the great town, in December, 1851. He left behind him a great number of his own most important pictures, which he had retained in his own London residence with the intention of leaving them to the nation; and he also left a vast mass of drawings, studies, records of travel and of impressions, which, when brought together, form one of the principal treasures now in the charge of the British National gallery. Besides all this, he had sold works of art, paintings, prints from his etchings and mezzotint plates, water color drawings and drawings in slighter and less brilliant form to such an amount and of such value that even at the low prices of his day he had brought together a fortune which for that time was very considerable—some $700,000 in total value. It seems well to begin our estimation with these statements, because what we have next to say is not of the sort which would lead one to expect to hear a successful and money-making artist. Turner's fine art is almost wholly free from the evidence of any other influences than artistic ones. There is no purer fine art in the world, none more completely free from social influences, from political or patriotic enthusiasm, from intruded personality of the artist, from the limitations which might have been expected to result from his geographical and social surroundings. He lived and died an artist and nothing else, so far as his life concerns the public. To himself, and to a very small number of occasional associates, he was a rough, even somewhat boorish, man, good-natured and capable of fits of generosity, but, in the main, unsocial, desiring no intercourse but that with the nature he communed with and the art he studied; and he died so lonely that during the weeks that he lay upon his deathbed his place of residence was unknown and a few persons who interested themselves in him found him out only at his last gasp. It is, therefore, as an artist primarily that one needs to study Turner, and yet an inquiry into his early life and surroundings is always valuable, because it reveals unexpected conditions as conducive, on the whole, to artistic excellence. Thus, the boy Turner, being the son of a barber in a fairly successful way of business, and living in one of the old streets not far from the Thames, was free of the river streets and of the water side, and, as we knew from his paintings, loved truly that strange side of life. It was not the stone-built embankment of to-day which he knew along the north bank of the Thames, but sea walls and piers of the roughest description, with mud banks between and beyond them bare at low tide, and a very filthy tidal estuary ebbing and flowing above them. It was not the great ships in exact trim, well appointed and apparently regardless of tempest and of danger and foul weather, that Turner knew, but above London bridge the shabby and careless lighters and barges, and below it, in the pool, the ships for foreign parts, seaworthy and seagoing, indeed, but small and rough, and now, in their harbor guise, bedraggled and seeming neglected with their drying sails and trailing rigging. London was a small town in those days, a comparatively small town, with the country not so very far away. And here comes in another consideration, for when he walked four miles northwestward or northeastward Turner was already far away in the fields, where now he would still be confined between lines of houses. The country around London is not highly picturesque, not very varied, in surface, nor with very marked characteristics; but it is attractive and some few places of extraordinary beauty are well known to Londoners. Much of the country which is now built up with rows of little dwellings which replace for the London artisan and wage-earner the tall New York buildings, whose floors are rented out separately, was, even as late as within the memory of living men, a charming region for quiet walks. It was delightful, as late as 1860, to cross the fields or follow the roadside to Dulwich, where the picture gallery was and is, or to Greenwich, where is the park before the hospital, dear to readers of Marryatt, or to Denmark hill on the south or Kentishtown and Hampstead Heath on the north. Then, too, Turner had, even in his early life, longer journeys afield than those we have imagined, for he was one of those precocious draughtsmen who take to laying washes of color and drawing portraits of living and not living things about him, and by the time he was 13 had gained a certain primitive skill in such matters. He earned money by coloring prints; for it was customary in those days to issue books illustrated by etchings and the like in what was practically outline, and these were issued colored or plain at the choice of, and according to the price paid by, the customer. Turner was employed, too, apparently when he was about 14, to add little water-color backgrounds to the drawings of a London architect who knew his father. He never went to school after he was 13, but year by year worked more steadily every day and all day long at drawing in one form or another, and Mr. Hamerton tells us that little drawings by him were hung around his father's shop door and offered for sale at prices not exceeding 3 shillings apiece. A notable thing in all this is that he began his work as an artist with something definite to do, some practical work brought to him and for which he was to receive some definite remuneration. He was to receive more regular teaching than had marked his childhood, but probably no part of that teaching was more to the purpose than the early practice which accustomed him to steady and constant work, all of it applied to a definite end.

TURNER.

There were good painters at work when Turner was a boy, but they were not landscape painters. On the other hand, a school of landscape painters grew up with him whose great reputation is overshadowed only by his own. Gainsborough was the only landscape painter of great merit left from a previous generation, and he died when Turner was 8 years old; but Constable, John James Chalon, Copley Fielding, Clarkson Stanfield, David Cox, David Roberts, Thomas Creswick, J. D. Harding and George Cattermole were all of Turner's time, and it is quite certain that no such roll of names could be made up of English practitioners of that epoch in any other art, including literature. Moreover, this list contrasts well with a list of artists of any other nation of that epoch. These artists were limited in range; they were feeble and hesitating when venturing beyond it; each of them had his keynote and would hardly have dared compose in any other; but this is characteristic of artists in all times and in all countries. Of none but the very greatest can we fail to see that this range is narrow and his attempt to go beyond it nearly always disastrous. Another name must be mentioned in this connection—that of Thomas Girtin, who would have been a great painter had he lived, and of whom it is said by some students of Turner that his genius was equal to that of the great master himself. This must be classed as one of those sayings which are harmless except as they mislead, but which do mislead. Genius in fine art is the combination of many faculties which balance and counterbalance, check and intensify one another; which physical conditions, the eye, the hand and even physical disabilities and restrictions, go not only to modify, but actually to build up. Girtin died at 27, John Keats at 26; what the future had in store for either, had he lived, it is in vain to surmise. Turner's life of incessant, varied and prodigious performance might have been as impossible to Girtin as it was easy and natural to the master who lived and of whom we know more.

When Turner was 21 years old he took a little studio of his own, still in the heart of London. In the same year he exhibited at the Royal academy eleven compositions, of which six were connected more or less with architecture, such as drawings of Bath Abbey, Salisbury cathedral and Llandaff cathedral in Wales, together with at least one sea picture with fishermen's boats. These paintings were sold, and many water colors were sold during these years, though not at high prices. Moreover, the engravers, or rather the employers of the engravers, that is, the publishers of books, furnished the young artist with a steady income from the copyright or right of production of his drawings—a thing which, then as now, was easily separable from the tangible work of art itself. Accordingly, when he was 22 years old Turner visited Yorkshire, and out of that visit came that wonderful set of drawings from which were made the engravings known as the Yorkshire series. Prints from these engravings are in great demand among students of Turner's earlier and more severe work, but he did a vast deal of such work during these early years of his manhood, and good work, too, with his name signed to it and forming the chief attraction of such interesting volumes of charming aspect as are the annuals of that time. In the itinerant, the Oxford Almanac, the Copperplate Magazine and other periodicals his prints are still to be studied as well as in the annuals. He got to know England well, from Kent in the far southeast to the Scottish border and to Chester in the northwest, and he was known by the publishers as a workman who could be trusted. This seems important, for in this way the man's actual artistic career was made to last fifty-five years, and it is not hard to see that the modern artist who goes to school until he is 17, stays in college until he is 21, in the school of art until he is 26, and hardly does a day's work professionally before he is 30, will never have a working career of more than half a century. Moreover, Turner's loneliness, his life as a bachelor, with only his old father keeping house for him in London, his own solitary trips in England and later on the continent, all tended toward a single-minded devotion to the practice of his art, which it may almost be said is an essential to very great achievement. The excellent quality of the art produced by some men who have produced but little is not to be ignored nor forgotten nor questioned for a moment, but the central truth is that the best work has been done by men who have produced an enormous amount of work.

It has been suggested above that Turner's early manner was firm and simple. It may also be said that it was subdued in color and rather full of detail. One might almost say that the characteristic painting of Turner's earlier time was portraitlike in that it represented some gentleman's mansion on a hillside, with rolling mountains beyond and dense woods at one side and a river in front; with a bridge, the whole in careful and patient gradations of green and gray. Few of these pictures have come to this country, but there are one or two here, and there are many in London in public galleries. Nor is it possible to imagine a more useful study for a landscape painter than to analyze this early work and to pass from it to the work of the soon-coming middle style. For as early as 1802, Turner then being 27 years old, he had completely abandoned his earlier manner and had begun his career as an imaginative landscape painter. In other words, he had begun to design as he drew from nature. He sat on a rock in front of Rheinfeld or Lauzanne, or in a boat off Calais jetty or Hastings cliff, and drew with swift decision what he saw in his mind as the true artistic interpretation of the scene—not at all the facts as they were before him. Mountain slopes would be made steeper and cliffs higher; towers and steeples rising from the town before him he brought into couples and threes, one lowered, one heightened, until their grouping served the artist's turn. Buildings in no way a part of the scene before him, but which he had seen in the town itself and associated with it, were brought into the composition. The compositions themselves were often of extreme subtlety, even in a swiftly made sketchbook drawing. At the same time color, which had always had an especial charm for him, as his earlier studies show, began now to take a permanent place in his work. Nor was this color used indirectly and for effects inexplicable except to a highly trained painter-critic. The color harmonies were in positive and glowing tints, and, although a still richer harmony was to come with later years, even in his earlier manhood Turner was a colorist of the more splendid and brilliant type, a painter of the school of Paul Veronese. As a curious instance of his feeling for color, and also of his complete independence of the natural fact in his landscape work, the unfinished drawings in the basement story of the National gallery should be studied. In these a lead-pencil outline appears, finished completely all over his square of paper, but a strict outline without the slightest indication of shade and of course none of actual shadow, only here and there a touch to show where the hollow in a rock might probably cause a deeper shade. Within this outline color seems to have been put either on the spot or soon after leaving it, but often in one part only of the drawing. A little piece will be finished in water color and this colored part taken in the middle, or near it, of the penciled picture, and this little square of color will be found really completed, highly finished—if not absolutely finished, at least wrought so far toward completion that no serious change in its artistic character could be made, even when it appeared as part of the whole composition, twenty inches long or larger. This would seem to denote great certainty on the part of the artist as to his purpose in the drawing,

(Continued on Fifth Page.)